SIMPSONS COMICS

COMICS BONGO GROUP

#42

US $2.50
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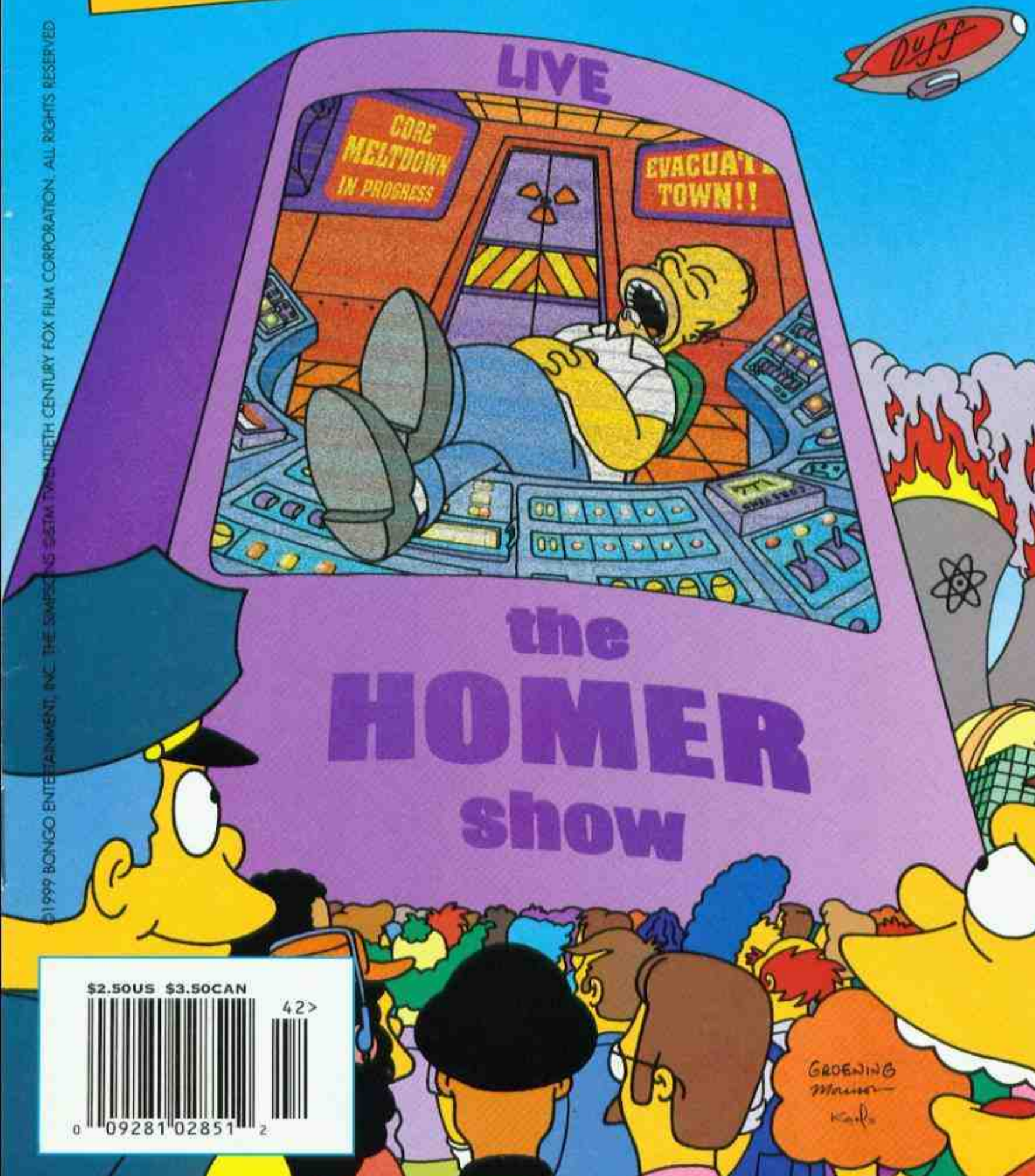

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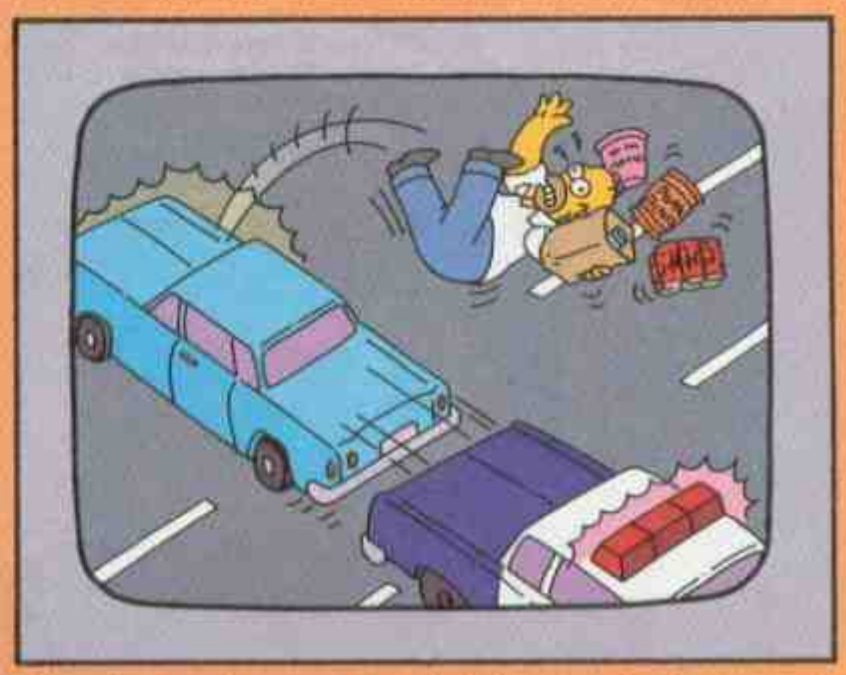
THE HOMER SHOW



SCRIPT	PENCILS	INKS	LETTERS	COLORS	MR. TELEVISION
CHUCK DIXON	PHIL ORTIZ	TIM BAVINGTON	JEANNINE BLACK	NATHAN KANE	MATT GROENING

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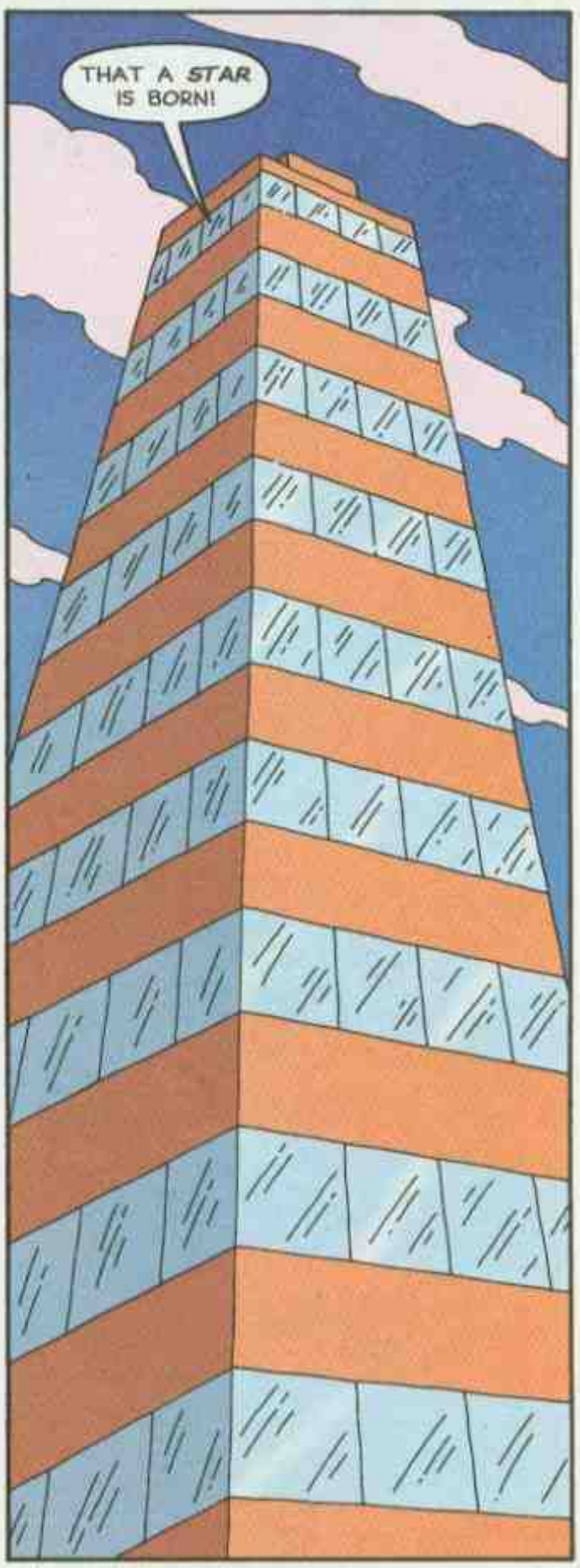
WE GOT A TAPE OF THIS GUY ON *FIRE* LAST WEEK.
WASN'T HE THE ONE WHO GOT HIS HAND CAUGHT IN THE TELLER MACHINE ON "WORLD'S FUNNIEST SURVEILLANCE VIDEOS?"
I THINK WE HAVE A *LOT* OF THIS GUY ON TAPE.

HERE'S ONE. "GUY CRASHES LAWNMOWER INTO BEEHIVE."
HERE'S ANOTHER ONE. "GUY WITH LIPS CAUGHT IN FAN."
AND "GUY WITH MONKEY IN PANTS."
FUNNY
SUCKS

WE GET TAPES OF THIS CLOWN EVERY WEEK.
SO WHAT DOES THIS MEAN?
THAT THIS GUY IS THE *DUMBEST* MOPE EVER CAUGHT ON VIDEO.
THAT HE'S CAPABLE OF FEATS OF *STUPIDITY* UNSEEN BEFORE IN CIVILIZATION.
THAT HE'S THE *HOLY GRAIL* OF ASININE BEHAVIOR.


THAT A *STAR* IS BORN!

DUMBUBBY H'EP NEE!
H'EP NEEEEEEEE!
GENIUS. PURE GENIUS!
I THINK BUILDING A NEW SHOW AROUND THIS GOOF IS A *FABULOUS* IDEA!
WE ALREADY HAVE ENOUGH FOOTAGE OF THIS HOMER SIMPSON TO FILL *TEN* PROGRAMMING HOURS.
BUT I FEEL WE'LL NEED MORE. *LOTS* MORE.
WE CAN'T RELY ON OUR VIEWERS SENDING IN RANDOM TAPES OF THIS MEGA-TALENT.
BUT THAT'S HOW WE DO *ALL* OUR SHOWS--FROM "WHEN PETS GO POSTAL" TO "WORLD'S ZANIEST POLICE CHASES."
TRY TO THINK *OUTSIDE* THE BOX, JEFF.
IF THIS HOMER SIMPSON GENERATES *THIS* MUCH TAPE ON AN *IRREGULAR* BASIS, IMAGINE WHAT THE CAMERA *DOESN'T* CATCH.
I PROPOSE WE *FOLLOW* THIS MAN TWENTY FOUR-HOURS A DAY.
I HAVE SO MUCH FAITH IN HOMER SIMPSON'S TOTAL LACK OF SENSE AND COORDINATION, THAT I'M WILLING TO BUILD THE NEW FALL SEASON AROUND HIM.
THE HOMER SHOW
Only on FOX!

I'M SOLD ON THIS. IT'S GOING TO BE BIG. *URKEL* BIG.

I'M OPEN TO SUGGESTIONS FOR WHERE TO PLACE "THE HOMER SHOW" ON THE SCHEDULE.

WE COULD ALWAYS PUT IT IN *MILLENNIUM*'S SLOT.

HUH?

UNNH!

THWAK!

OKAY. LET'S *SCRAMBLE* PEOPLE. WE HAVE A MID-SIZED CITY TO WIRE BY MONDAY!

ER, AH, YOU HOLLYWOOD SHARPIES HAVE TAKEN ADVANTAGE OF US BEFORE.

I SAY WE ARE NOT RUBES HERE IN SPRINGFIELD.

MAYOR QUIMBY

SPRINGFIELD

SOFT MONEY

THE CREW FROM "RADIOACTIVE MAN: THE MOVIE" GOT OUT OF TOWN WITHOUT PAYING THE CROISSANT TAX.

A BUNCH OF IMMORAL PREDATORS.

THOSE WERE *MOVIE* PEOPLE, MAYOR QUIMBY.

WE'RE IN *TELEVISION*, YOUR HONOR.

ER, A LITTLE TO THE LEFT, INGA.

ER, AH, WHAT'S THE DIFFERENCE?

WE'RE AMORAL PREDATORS, MR. MAYOR.

NO...

MOTHER OF GOD, IT *CAN'T* BE!

SAY IT AIN'T SO, MOE...

SAY IT AIN'T *SO!*

MOE'S

CLOSED
DEATH IN FAMILY
ILLNESS
HEALTH
DEPARTMENT
GENERAL ENNUI
JUST GO HOME!

WELL, IF THAT'S THE KIND OF ESTABLISHMENT YOU'RE RUNNING, SZYSLAK, I'LL JUST TAKE MY BUSINESS TO--

S. BLOATERS AT THE SQUIDPORT

D'OH!

CLOSED

S. BLOATERS AT THE SQUIDPOR

WELL, I KNOW ONE PLACE I CAN ALWAYS COUNT ON TO BE--

4907

IK-E-MART

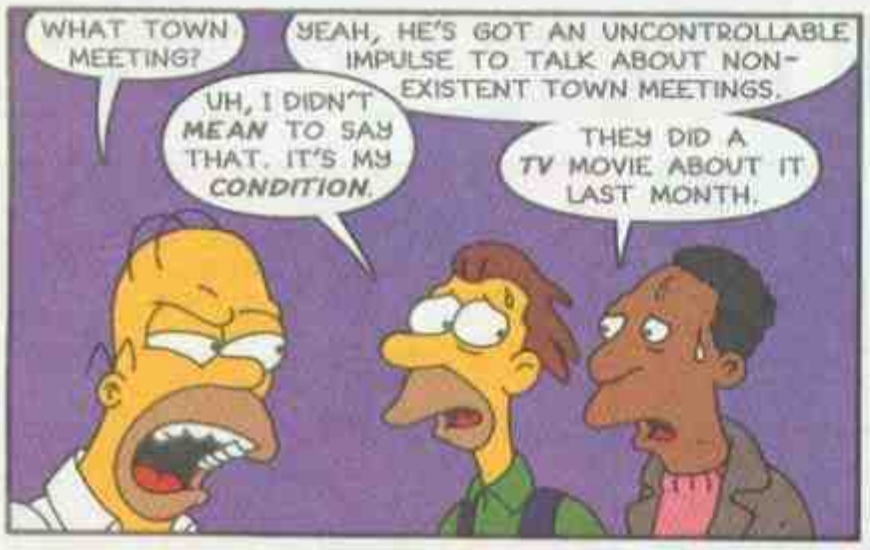
WE NEVER CLOSE
EXCEPT FOR TONIGHT

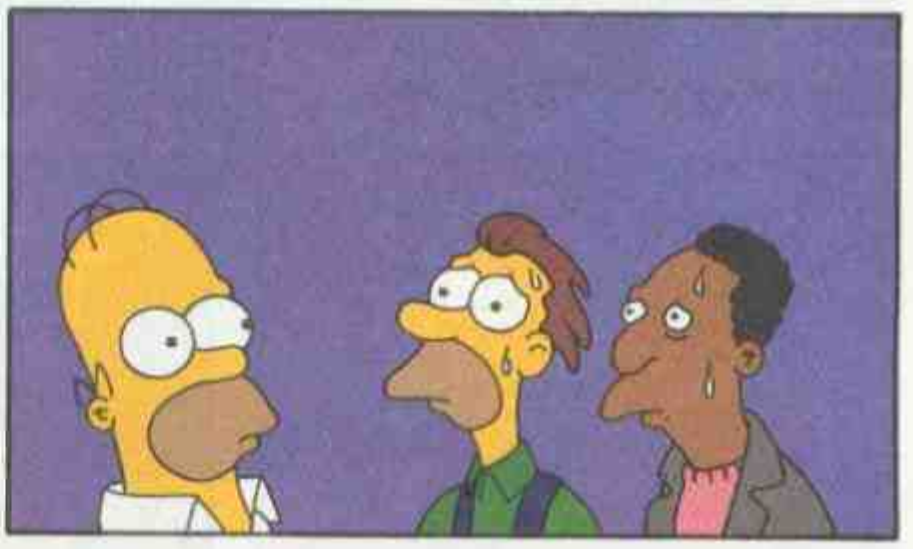
HOW MUCH CAN ONE MAN TAKE?

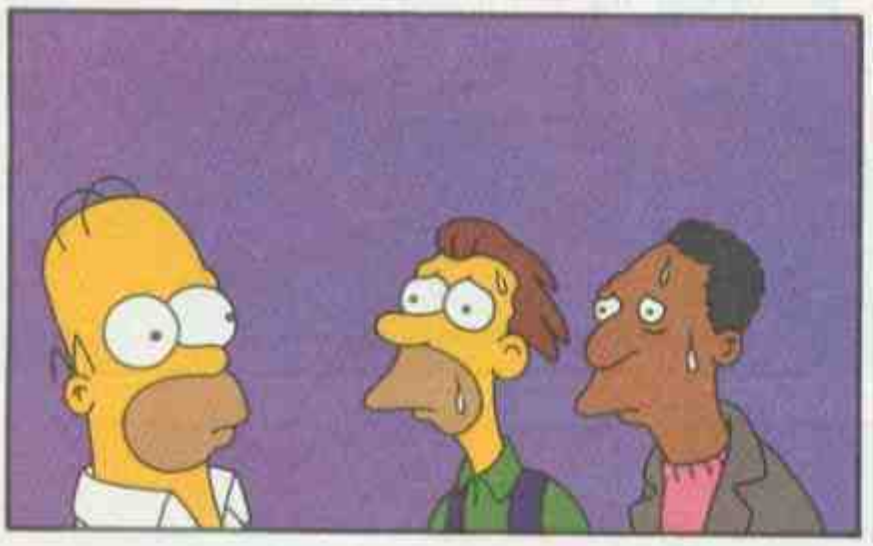
HAS THE WORLD GONE *MAD?*

8-TRAC
WELL, THAT LEAVES ONLY ONE PLACE FOR A WORKING MAN TO GO.
HOME.

HEY, WHERE ARE YOU GUYS GOING?
WE'RE GOIN' TO THE BIG TOWN MEETIN', HOMER.
DUMMY! HE'S NOT SUPPOSED TO KNOW.


WHAT TOWN MEETING?
YEAH, HE'S GOT AN UNCONTROLLABLE IMPULSE TO TALK ABOUT NON-EXISTENT TOWN MEETINGS.
UH, I DIDN'T MEAN TO SAY THAT. IT'S MY CONDITION.
THEY DID A TV MOVIE ABOUT IT LAST MONTH.





I THINK MARGE SAW THAT ONE.

BIG TOWN MEETING TO-NITE!
NO PARKING
SEE YA AT THE PLANT, HOMER.
SURE.
SEE YA.

WE'RE SORRY TO HAVE CALLED THE ENTIRE POPULATION OF SPRINGFIELD TO THIS MEETING TONIGHT.

MAN, WHAT A TURNOUT. ARE THESE MEETINGS ***USUALLY*** THIS WELL ATTENDED?

WE'RE HERE 'CAUSE WE HEARD YOU GOT A BUTTLOAD OF ***CASH*** TO THROW AROUND.

OH.

WELL, THEN LET'S GET RIGHT TO THE POINT.

TWO HOURS LATER...

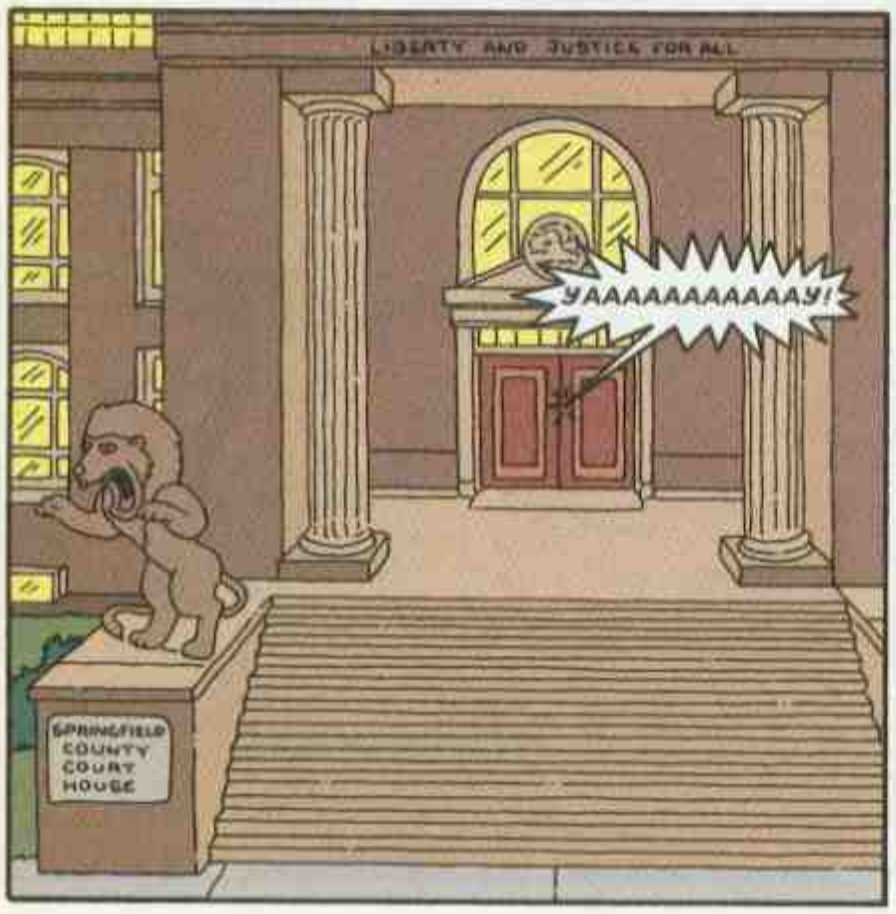
...AND SO WE'LL BE WIRING THE ENTIRE TOWN FOR VIDEO.

BUT SECRECY IS OF THE ***UTMOST*** IMPORTANCE. ***NONE*** OF THE SIMPSON FAMILY MUST KNOW THAT HOMER SIMPSON IS BEING TAPED.

AND EXACTLY ***HOW*** DO ***WE*** BENEFIT FROM THIS?

THE FOX TELEVISION NETWORK WILL PAY FOR THE CONSTRUCTION OF A COMMUNITY ARTS CENTER.

OR WE COULD JUST THROW A BUTTLOAD OF ***CASH*** AROUND.


LIBERTY AND JUSTICE FOR ALL
YAAAAAAAAAAAAY!
SPRINGFIELD COUNTY COURT HOUSE

DID YOU HEAR THAT?
HUH?

IT SOUNDED LIKE *CHEERING*.
PROBABLY THE *FLANDERSES*, MARGE. THEY'RE ALWAYS CHEERING ABOUT *GOD* OR *SIN* OR SOMETHING.
HMMMM...

HOW WAS YOUR DAY, HOMEY?
OKAY, I GUESS. EXCEPT FOR EVERY STORE DOWNTOWN BEING CLOSED FOR NO GOOD REASON.
THE SMOKE DETECTOR INSPECTORS WERE HERE.
YEAH?

THEY MADE THE KIDS AND ME LEAVE THE HOUSE FOR *HOURS* WHILE THEY CHECKED OUR BATTERIES.
THEY WERE VERY NICE ABOUT IT, BUT I HAVE A *FUNNY FEELING*...
ZZZZZZZZZ...

GOOD NIGHT, HOMER.
YEAH. GOODNIGHT, HOMER.

HOW'S OUR LATEST HIT, GENTLEMEN?

BEAUTIFUL, CHIEF.
THIS GUY'S AN ARTIST.
LET'S SEE WHAT YOU'VE GOT, BOYS.

HE CUT HIMSELF SHAVING.
D'OH!

THEN HE DID THIS TO STOP THE BLEEDING.
THIS'LL STOP IT...

THEN HE FELL DOWN THE STAIRS.
WHOAP!

AND IT'S NOT EVEN NINE IN THE MORNING?
HA HA HA!
LOOK! HE JUST STABBED HIMSELF WITH A BUTTER KNIFE!
HA
HA!
HA HA HA!
WAY TO BE, HOMER.
MAYBE HE SHOULD HAVE HIS OWN CHANNEL!

GOOD *MORNING* TO YOU, MY VERY SPECIAL FRIEND!

HOW MAY I BE OF *SERVICE* TO YOU, VALUED CUSTOMER?

I DON'T KNOW WHAT I'M IN THE MOOD FOR.

WHATEVER THAT IS, MR. HOMER, YOUR EVERY OPTION IS A GOOD ONE.

EACH NUTRITIOUS SNACK AT *THE KWIK-E-MART*, ON SPRINGFIELD'S FAMOUS GOLDEN MILE, IS PACKED WITH TASTINESS AND A SHELF LIFE WHICH IS EXTRA LONG.

KRISPIE K

I'LL TAKE THE MONOSODIUM GLUTIMUNCHIES.

I HAVE ALSO PORKERJACKS AND TWELVE FLAVORS OF SQUISHEE INCLUDING JALAPEÑO MOCHA.

MMMMM... PORKERJACKS.

TANDOORI BURRITOS 2 FOR $1

PLEASE COME AGAIN TO *THE KWIK-E-MART*, WHERE VALUE MEANS ONLY PAYING TWICE AS MUCH!

THIS GUY'S DOIN' A *COMMERCIAL*.

FOR ALL THE *GOOD* IT'LL DO HIM. THE SHOW'S GONNA BE BLACKED OUT IN SPRINGFIELD.

WHAT'RE THEY SHOWING IN ITS PLACE?

STAY TUNED FOR AN ENCORE PRESENTATION OF *MILLENNIUM*.

AW MAN...

SEE WHAT *ELSE* IS ON, BART.

AH, THE CLASSICS.

♫ THE ITCHY ♪ AND SCRATCHY SHOOOOOW... ♫

ITCHY & SCRATCHY

ITCHY & SCRATCHY

in

SHAVING PRIVATE SCRATCHY

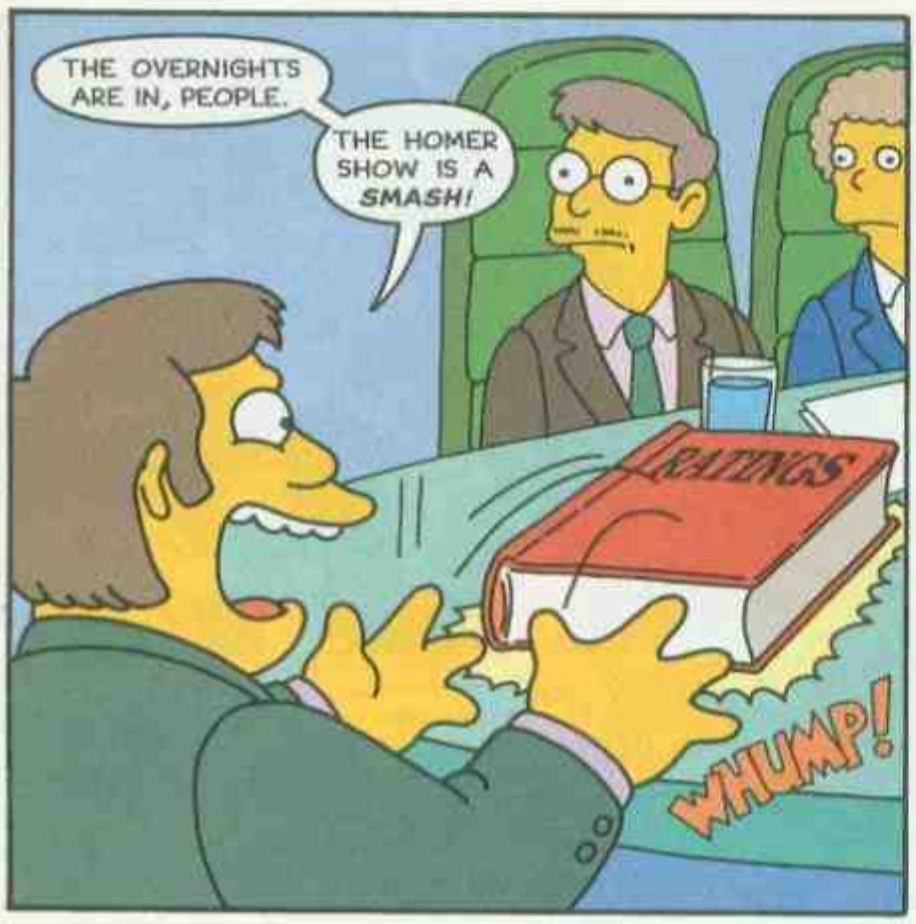
YANK!

KA BOOM!

HA! HA HA HA! HA HA

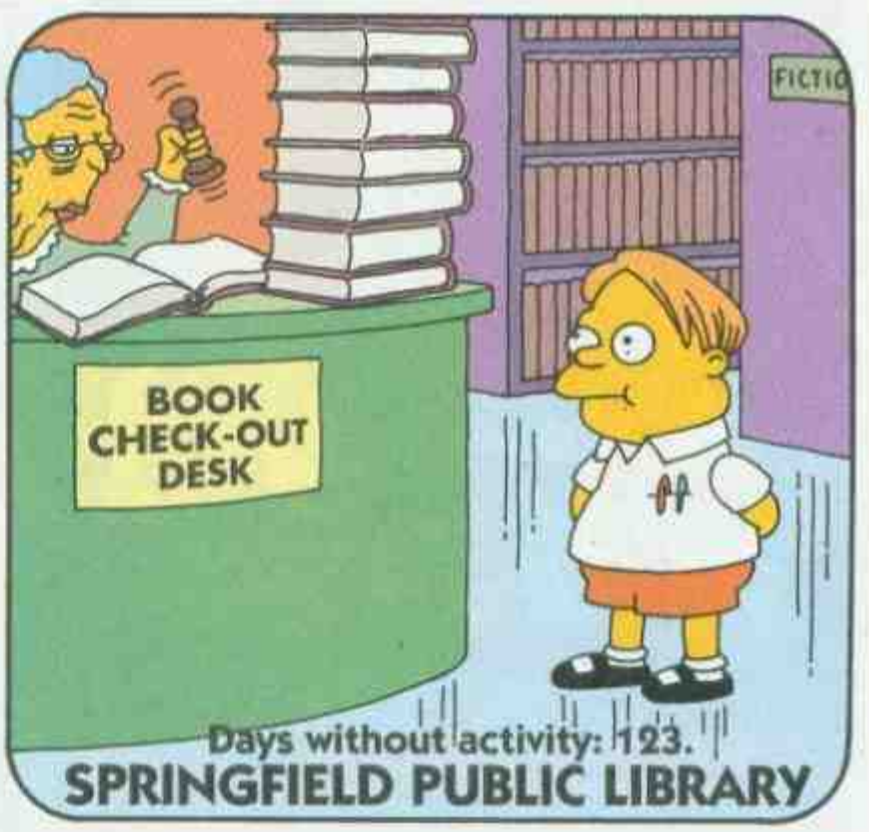
MINE FIELD

HA HA HA!


THE OVERNIGHTS ARE IN, PEOPLE.
THE HOMER SHOW IS A SMASH!
RATINGS
WHUMP!

WE'RE NUMBER ONE WITH MALES EIGHTEEN TO THIRTY-FOUR!
WE'RE NUMBER ONE WITH CONVICTED WHITEWATER CONSPIRATORS!
WE'RE NUMBER ONE WITH RECENT STATE LOTTERY WINNERS!
WE'RE NUMBER ONE WITH LARRY KING'S EX-WIVES!

THE ONLY DOWNSIDE IS IN OUR OPERATING BUDGET.
WE INSTALLED A THOUSAND CAMERAS IN SPRINGFIELD WHEN WE COULD HAVE COVERED HOMER SIMPSON'S WHOLE LIFE WITH JUST SIX.


FICTIO
BOOK CHECK-OUT DESK
Days without activity: 123.
SPRINGFIELD PUBLIC LIBRARY

HERE'S TO HOMER SIMPSON!
LONG MAY HE SCREW UP!

...AND THEN I SAID TO THAT GUY, "OH YEAH? SAYS YOU!!"
Duff
BEER

THAT'S TELLIN' 'EM, HOMER!
WAY T'GO, SIMPSON.
DON RICKLES COULD NOT HAFF TOLD HIM OFF ANY BETTAH.
CAN I SAY "HI" TO MY MOM?
SLAP!
AND NOTHIN' GOES WITH A FINE ANECDOTE--

--LIKE *DUFF BEER* AND *MOE'S TAVERN!*

IT WAS GREAT, MARGE. EVERYONE AT MOE'S WAS HANGING ON MY EVERY WORD. I FELT LIKE... A PRIMA BALLERINA!
PRAISE FROM A BUNCH OF *BARFLIES* IS HARDLY ANYTHING TO BE PROUD OF.
SO WHAT MADE *YOU* THE LIFE OF THE PARTY ALL OF A SUDDEN?

I THINK EVERYONE HAS FINALLY GROWN TO *APPRECIATE* MY SOPHISTICATION AND URBANE WIT.

:SNORT!:
HEE HEE
HEY...
HA!
HA!
HA!
HEE HEE HEE!
HA!

AS WEEKS GO BY, HOMER SIMPSON BECOMES A NATIONAL OBSESSION.

TV
Fox's (not so) brightest star
GOD

NEWSWEEKLY
MONTHLY
IT'S HIP TO BE A "D'OHP"!

THE NATIONAL CONSPIRER
Aliens Stole Homer's Brain--and brought it BACK!

HOLLYWOOD INSIDER
DOOFUS IS BOFFO IN SYNDIE-INDIE DEAL.

HE SHOULD BE LEAVING THE HOUSE ANY MINUTE.
HOW MANY TIMES HAS HE RUN OVER THE MAILBOX?
THE VERMINATORS
PEST CONTROL
THE SIMPSONS

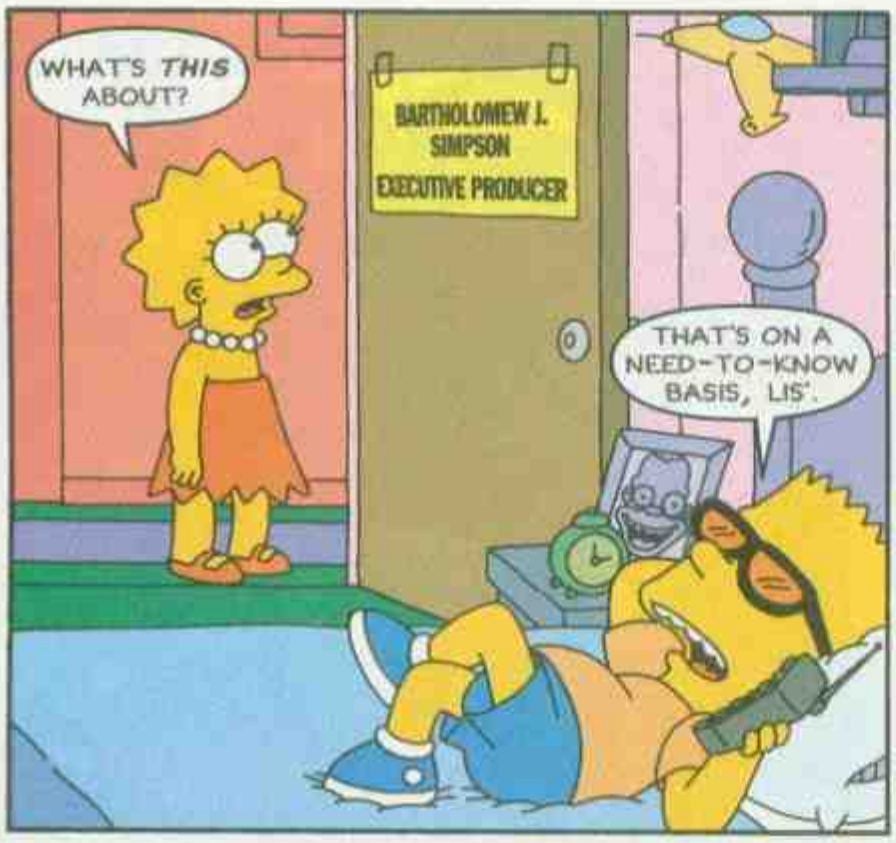
THIS WEEK? FOUR.
BAM!
THAT'S FRANKIE BACK WITH THE DONUTS.

YOU'RE NOT FRANKIE.
IT WASN'T ME! THIS ISN'T EVEN MY BALL!

WHOA-HO-HE!
YOU'RE WATCHING OUR HOUSE!
$#@&!

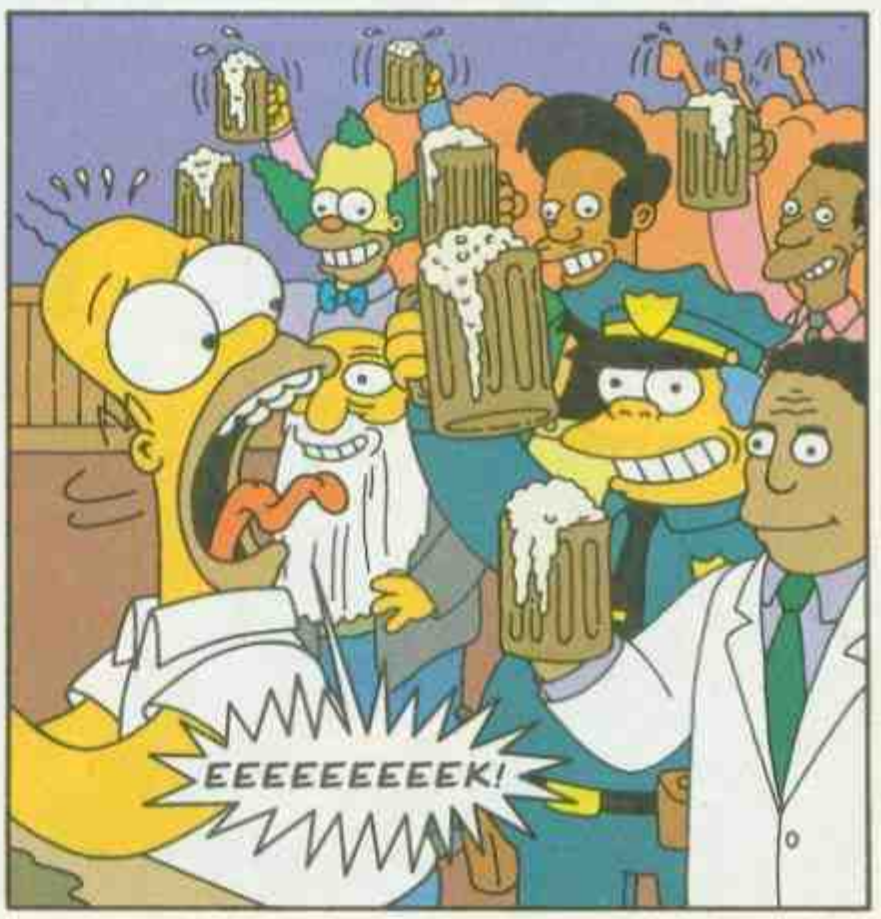
SO, WHAT IS IT YOU *WANT*, KID? A NEW BIKE?
HA! DON'T MAKE ME *LAUGH*.

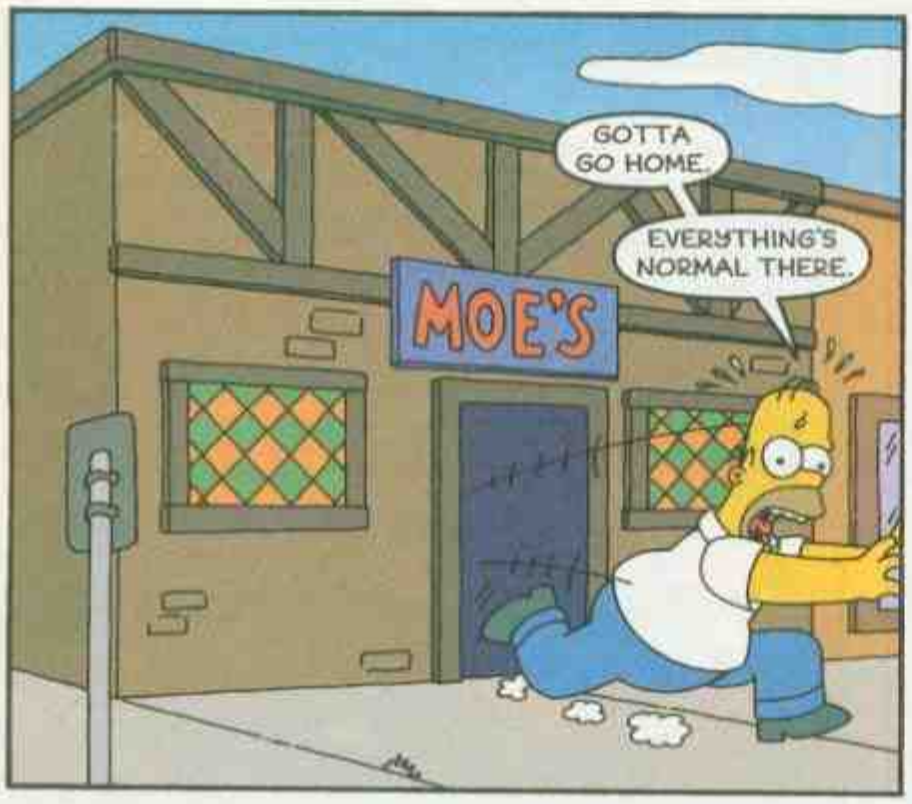
REMEMBER I COULD BLOW THIS WHOLE THING WITH *ONE* WORD TO MY DAD.
SO WHAT DO YOU WANT, BART?
I WANT ONE OF THOSE PHONY BALONEY HOLLYWOOD JOBS WITH *NO WORK* AND A *FAT PAYCHECK*.


WHAT'S *THIS* ABOUT?
BARTHOLOMEW J. SIMPSON
EXECUTIVE PRODUCER
THAT'S ON A NEED-TO-KNOW BASIS, LIS'.

LIFE JUST ISN'T THE SAME, BARN. EVERYTHING'S CHANGED.
I HADN'T NOTICED, HOMER.
NOT FOR YOU. JUST FOR *ME*. THE WORLD IS A STRANGE PLACE.

WHATTA YA TALKIN' ABOUT, HOMER?
NOTHIN'S CHANGED HERE AT MOE'S.
I FEEL LIKE I'M BEING WATCHED.
DRINK
Duff
IT'S ALL IN YOUR HEAD. LOOK AROUND YOU.


EEEEEEEEEEK!


GOTTA GO HOME.
EVERYTHING'S NORMAL THERE.
MOE'S

HEY HOMER!
HOMER!
STAY AWAY!
IT'S HOMER!

YO HOMER!
WAIT HOMER!
HOMER BAY-BEE!
YAAAAAAAAH!

GOTTA GET HOME TO MARGE!
MARGE WILL KNOW WHAT TO DO.
JUST HAVE TO GET TO MY CAR.

GOOD ONE.
THE VERMINATORS
PEST CONTROL
I DUNNO...
BASH!

...SOMETHING'S NOT RIGHT HERE.
MARGE!

MARGE, IS IT *ME* OR IS THE WHOLE TOWN CRAZY?

WELL, THERE *HAVE* BEEN A LOT OF ODD GOINGS-ON LATELY.

LIKE THE CASES OF *FREE FOOD* WE'VE BEEN GETTING...

AND THE *FREE CLOTHES*...

THE Frying Dutchman

AND ALL THE MEETINGS *BART'S* BEEN TAKING...

AND THAT STRANGE *WHIRRING NOISE* IN THE WALLS.

YOU! YOU! YOU!

EVERYTHING IS ALWAYS ABOUT *YOU!*

THIS IS *MY* NERVOUS BREAKDOWN AND I'LL KEEP IT TO *MYSELF*, THANK YOU!

THIS DOESN'T LOOK GOOD, BOYS.

HOMER'S BEEN IN BED FIVE DAYS IN A ROW, SIR.

HE HASN'T BUDGED.

HUNDREDS OF HOURS OF TAPE ALL LIKE THIS.

OUR ENTIRE SCHEDULE RESTS ON THIS SHOW.

I HAD HOPED IT WOULDN'T COME TO THIS, BUT SOMETHING'S GOT TO BE DONE!

SOON...

AND SO I'VE COME TO APPEAL DIRECTLY TO *YOU*, MR. SIMPSON.

FOX

WITHOUT YOUR *KNOWING* IT, AMERICA HAS COME TO *LOVE* YOU.

NOT IN *SPITE* OF YOUR FAULTS BUT *BECAUSE* OF THEM. AMERICA'S NOT LAUGHING *AT* YOU, HOMER. IT'S LAUGHING *ABOUT* YOU.

THIS COUNTRY, AND THIS NETWORK, NEED YOU TO CONTINUE YOUR SENSELESS BEHAVIOR AND RECKLESS DISREGARD FOR YOUR OWN DIGNITY.

CAN YOU DO IT, HOMER? FOR YOUR MILLIONS OF FANS?

YOU CAN COUNT ON ME!

AND SO IN THE ENSUING DAYS...
OH NO! I'M WEARING A *LADIES'* HAT!
HARDWARE

SECTOR 7G
OH! OH! I'VE *FALLEN* AND I *CAN'T* GET UP!

THEN THE POLAR BEAR SAYS TO THE RABBI...
ONE MORE JOKE AND I MUST KILL YOU, MR. HOMER.
Duff BEER SALE!

OOPS!
LOOKS LIKE I FORGOT MY *PANTS* AGAIN!

WHAT'S HE DOING?
GOOD LORD, HE'S--
--*TRYING* TO BE FUNNY.

WHY DID WE EVER *LIKE* THIS SHOW?
PUT ON THE WEATHER CHANNEL!
THE NASHVILLE NETWORK!
TURN IT *OFF*, EVEN!

THE BOTTOM FIVE SHOWS
151 FLY FISHING WITH HAL
152 MONKEYS BOWLING
153 LET ME TELL YOU ABOUT MY SURGERY
154 MILLENNIUM
155 THE HOMER SHOW

NOT MY BIGSCREEN!
NOT MY SECRETARY!
NOT MY LATTE MACHINE!
CAN'T WE NEGOTIATE?

THANKS A *LOT*, HOMER.
YOU EVEN BUNGLED BEING A BUNGLER.
FAME ISN'T EVERYTHING, BOY.

AS THE GREAT WORDSMITH, PAT SAJAK, ONCE SAID...
"ALL GLORY IS FLEETING." NOW, INSTEAD OF SHARING MY ZANY ANTICS WITH THE WORLD, I'LL JUST SHARE THEM WITH MY FAM--
Duff BEER

D'OH!

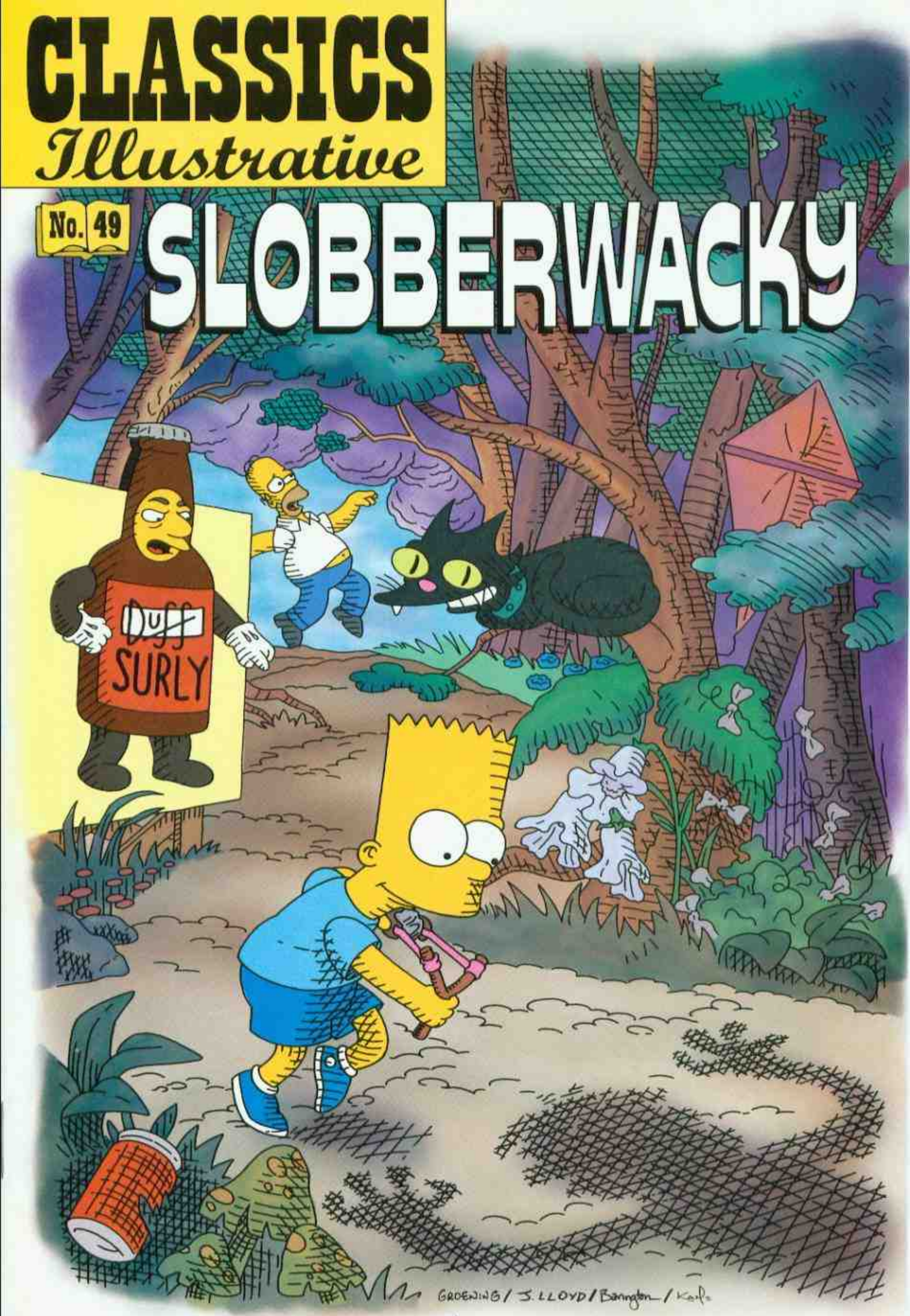
MMPH!
MMPH!
THE VERMINATORS PEST CONTROL

OCH!
ABC WILL PAY A *FORTUNE* FOR THIS!
THE END

CLASSICS Illustrative

No. 49

SLOBBERWACKY



SLOBBERWACKY

'Twas Wiggum, and his slimy rogues,

SPRINGFIELD ANNUAL PICNIC

Springfield Shopper

STOLEN DUFF TRUCK STILL MISSING

Did cheat to win the three-leg'd race:

BLAM! BLAM! BLAM!

THAT'S SOME GOOD DIVERTIN' THERE LOU!

THANKS, CHIEF!

All tipsy were the friends of Moe,

I WONDER WHERE BARNEY IS? IT'S NOT LIKE HIM TO MISS ALL THE EXCITEMENT.

And Nelson stole third base.

H-HEY! BRING THAT BACK! WE NEED IT!

HAW! HAW!

"Beware the Slobberwack, my son! The jaws that drool, the paunch that sags!

OH, MAN! THE ONLY THING TO FEAR AROUND HERE IS *YOUR BREATH*, HOME-BOY!

Beware the Jub-Jub beast, and shun...

CONSARN IT! I NEED THOSE FOR MY COB CORN!

...Jub-Jub's owners, the sister-hags!"

HMMPH!

AND YOU WONDER WHERE HOMER GETS IT FROM!

HELP! HELLLP!

Bart took his trusty sling in hand:

THAT'S IT! I'M OUTTA HERE!

Long time away from the games and kites—

HERE SLOBBERWACKY! COME OUT, COME OUT, WHEREVER YOU ARE!

So rested he by the Duff billboard, and grumbled loudly...

SURLY SEZ:
THE NEXT MILE OF SPRINGFIELD FOREST IS PROUDLY SPONSORED BY
DUFF BEER

CLEAN UP AFTER YOUR PETS, YA JERK!

THIS BITES!

And as in selfish thought Bart sat, the Slobberwack, with eyes ablaze,
Came staggering through the Springfield woods,
And burping as it came!

AAHHOOOOOOO! :BURP:

AYE CARUMBA!

Plink, Plunk! Plink, Plunk!
Hitting head and trunk!

ARROOOO! OW! ARROOOO! OW!

SURELY

TAKE THAT! AND THAT! AND THAT!

The slingshot sang!
The Wack did stumble!

OOOOOH!

Bart knocked it out,

HEH, HEH, HEH! BARTHOLOMEW J. SIMPSON-1, UGLY MONSTER-0!

Then gave a shout...

YAAAAHH!!

...For it was Barney Gumble.

"And, has thou slain the Slobberwack?

Come to my arms, my fearless gent!

O frabjous day! Callooh! Callay!" (Who knew what Homer meant?)

THAT'S RIGHT, JUST RELAX. NOBODY MAKES A MOVE FOR THE COCONUT CREAM.

'Twas Wiggum and his slimy rogues, Did cheat to win the pie-eating race;

All tipsy were the friends of Moe;

THE TIME HAS COME, THE WALRUS SAID, TO TALK OF MANY THINGS...

OH, MAN!

:BURRRP!:

NOW, THIS IS THE WAY IT OUGHTA BE.

OF CABBAGES AND KINGS!

WHERE DO YOU THINK *YOU'RE* GOING, BOY?

MOMMY, THE SMELLY MEN ARE BEING FUNNY AGAIN!

And Flanders tried to say grace.

THE END

STORY	PENCILS	INKS	LETTERS	COLORS	EDITS	JABBERWOCKY
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